Christmas Carol

The Greatest Yuletide Story Ever Written

CHARLES DICKENS

Etherere Serooge is a stingy and grouchy iondee business mae, who refuses to consider Christmake as anything but a costly nulsante. On Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up.
Christmas Ere he is confronted by the ghost of to shed its light on Serooge as he
tend Mariey, his former business parises, who
ments Serooge of the impending visit of three
spirits. The first of these spirits takes Serooge
hack through his own past Christmass, walter in
the miser's heart the momory of brighter and
his settled days.

STAVE TWO.

STAVE TWO.

in it, and the up with rust, and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher cap and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted and overceme by an irresistible drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed, and had barely time to reel to be before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE. The Second of the Three Spirits.

AKING in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, ly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night; and they should that the bell was again upon morning, where (for the weather was restored to consciousness in the music in scruting the stroke of one. right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this

core and centre of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the cleok proclaimed the hour, and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen shosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was some times apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, the began to think—as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the producation walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankie deep through have thought at first; for it is al-ways the person not in the prodica-ment who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unques-tionably have done it too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source

STROPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS, easy state upon this couch there sat

The First of the Three Spirits.

If am the Ghost of Christmas Present, "and the spirit, "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so, It was clothed in one simple, deep green robe or mantie, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample robes of the garment, were also bare, and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, ast here and there with shining icides. Its dark brown curis were long and free; free as its senial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor and its joyful air, Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard, but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit. "Never," Scrooge made answer to it. "Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.
"I don't think I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"
"More than eighteen hundred," said the Chost.

"A tremendous family to provide for," muttered Scrooge. The Ghost of Christmas Present

rose, "Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"
Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.
Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit and punch all vanished instantmusic in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the

boys to see it come plumping down into the road below and splitting into artificial little snow-storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting them with the smooth, white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the

tion, the first dath the territor date were desired, and the worked which is for a control of the certain the first and the control of the certain the first and the control of the certain the first and the certain the first and the certain the ce pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk pippins, small and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of the yellow and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly, and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and hade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that Hut it had underrone a surprising transformation. The grocers'! oh, the grocers'! oh, the grocers'! oh, the grocers'! oh, the grocers'! one all of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bars and eaten after dinner. The very gold and sliver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in allow and passionless excitement.

The grocers'! oh, the grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such gimpses! It was not

walls and colling were so hung with gaps such gimpses! It was not living green that it looked a perfect alone that the scales descending on grave; from every part of which the counter made a merry sound, or bright, meaning herris glistened. that the twine and soller parted comstrove: From every part of which in the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters pany so briskly, or that the canisters in that the swine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters pany so briskly, or that the twine and roller parted company to be calculated the Spirit. "Forgive me if I am wrong. The canisters in that of your family." said croose "There are some upon this carth of yours," returned the Spirit. "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deads of passion, pride, ill-will, having the pany and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor to form a kind croose of the and coffee were so pentiful and rare, the almost and pany a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor to form a kind croose of the and coffee were so pentiful and rare, the and coffee were so p













"It" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their "We'd a deal of work to finish up fetch the goose, with which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge:
"Wouldn't you?"

"You seek to close these places or
"You would deprive them of their "We'd a deal of work to finish up fetch the goose, with which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge:
"You seek to close these places or

"You seek to close these places on the seventh Day," said Scrooge
"And it comes to the same thing."
"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit. exclaimed the Spirit.

ples, plum paddings, barrels of oystors, rel and clasticits cherry checked that the figs were moist and pulpy, or and they went on, invisible, as they
apples juley oranges, lasticus pears, that the figs were moist and pulpy, or and they went on, invisible, as they
apples juley oranges, lasticus pears, that the French plums blushed in
had been before, into the suburbs of
monest tertness from their highly the town. It was a remarkable qualbowls of punch that made the chamdecorated boxes, or that everything lty of the Ghost (which Scrooge had
ber dim with their delicious steam, in was good to eat and in its Christmas observed at the baker's), that not-

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a most two young Cratchits. "Hurran: ment's thought, "I wonder you, of all There's such a goose, Martha!" "Why, bless your heart alive, my this should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"Here's stat. "Hurran: "Why, bless your heart alive, my the should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"Cratchit, kissing her a doson times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

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Chambers, Mary Roberts Rinshart, Rupert Hughes, James Oliver Curwood, Morgan Robertson, Margaret Widdemer, George Randolph Chester, Louis Joseph Vance, Edgar Rice Burroughs and many others of

asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most." asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And your brother. Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother," said scrooge, after a more ment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the maky worlds about us should desire to cramp these dear, how late you are!" said Mrs.

"Here's Martha, mother," said upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

"Here's Martha, mother," said sool beside the fire, and while like stool beside the fire, and while make more shabby compounded two marting and lemmas and translate with the like cruteh was beared upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

"Here's Martha, mother," said stool beside the fire, and while stool them this, and tremble! more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing atrons and bearty.

His active little cruteh was beared upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

"Here's Martha, mother," said stool beside the fire, and while stool them they are worked to them this, and tremble! more when he said that Tiny Tim was father, then?" and hearty.

His active little cruteh was beared upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

"Here's Martha, mother," said stool beside the fire, and while stool them the heart was the proving atrons and hearty.

His active little cruteh was beared upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

"Here's Martha, mother," said stool beside the fire, and while stool them the heart was the proving at the bear the proving at the bear

with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh. a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, to some near neighbor's house, where, at all a small pudding for a large family, it would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth awent, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and congidered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chesinuts on the fire. Then all the single man, who saw them enter—artful witchest well they are put upon the table, and a shovelful of chesinuts on the fire. Then all the single man who saw them enter—artful witchest well they are put upon the table, and a shovelful of chesinuts on the fire. Then all the single man who saw them enter—artful witchest well they the dinner was all done, the children of their married sisters. She was very pretty. She was very pretty. With a displed, surprised looking capital face, a ripe, little window blinds of guests assembling: mouth that seemed made to he kissed mouth that seemed made to he kissed mouth that seemed made to he kissed now that seemed made to he kissed mouth that seemed made to he kissed now the same window blinds of guests assembling: mouth that seemed made to he kissed now the window blinds of guests assembling and there a group of handsome girls.

It he children of them.

Here, again, were shadows on the window blinds of guests assembling: mouth that seemed made to he kissed now the surprised looking capital face, a ripe, little multiple of the surprise of seem of handsome girls.

The house work and on th

NEXT WEEK: COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD North of Fifty-Three By Bertrand W. Sinclair

Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the fug, however, as well as golden soblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his as it he leved the child and wished to keep him by his side and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Beroege with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

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"Spirit," said Scrooge with an in-terest he had never telt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"Spirit." said Serooge with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," repiled the Ghoat, "it the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner carefully preserved. If these shadows remain analtered by the future the child will die."

"No, no," said Serooge. "Oh. no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "shall find him here. What then? If he be like to die he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "If man "The series of the service of the careful company assembled round a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their choldren, and another generation beyond that, all decked out

"It should be Christians Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Rebest! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor

de sked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had for ralled bob on his creduity, and bob on his creduity, and bob on his creduity and bot his had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and the bob of his creduity and bot of his beart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and the bob of his beart's content.

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"It was a much great same nephew's and to find by they had a song, about a planting the picture with the good of his mark in the good of his mark in the church because he was a crippe, and the great with the procession of his beart's content.

"It you should happen, by any unsuity the good of his mark in the good of his good of his mark in the good of h

was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "It man you be in heart, not adamant, for bear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. O God! to hear the insection the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and, grembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Serooge, the Founder of the Feast."

"The Founder of the Feast, integed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, relidening." I wish I hadd him here. I'd give him and another gen. with their choldren, and woman, with their choldren, and another gen. The late of the wind upon their choldren, and another gen. The choldren, and another gen. The old man and woman, with their choldren, and another gen. The chold with their choldren, and another gen. The chold was attire.

The old man, in a voice that seldom rows above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all jehed in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man sot were give to be only in their holiday attire.

The old man, in a voice that seldom rows above the howling

you Mr. Berooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, relidening.
"I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope had have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children: Christmas Day."

"It abould be Christics Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the heaith of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge, you know he is, Rebert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"The Founder of the Feast, ingure as were deafened by the thunder-ing of water as it rolled, and reared and reaged among the dreadful caverne it had worn and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Huilt upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore.

On which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great has one might suppose as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who had

You know he he he Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"
"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."
"Till drink his health for your sake, and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy. I have no doubt!"
The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which bad no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark estable was the study stable at which they sat, they wished and searred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghoet sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a